ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

*Bar.* Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God amercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How